

The Oxford County Citizen.

VOLUME XXX—NUMBER 1

BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1924.

4 Cents Per Copy—\$2.00 Per Year

SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT

There was a peculiar case on at the supreme judicial court in Rumford last week. It was *Careo M. Howard vs. Fred E. Haley* and was for trespass and to recover for a school building sold by the town of Fryeburg to the defendant, of which the plaintiff claimed ownership. The story of the case is as follows:

In 1858, Mrs. Howard asserted that her father built upon his own land at his own expense a school building which he allowed the town of Fryeburg to use for school purposes. The town used the building and kept it in repair for school purposes until 1910, when the number of pupils falling below eight, the school was closed and in 1923 the town sold the property to Mr. Haley who tore down the building and moved it away. Mrs. Howard claims that her father gave neither land nor building to the town and therefore sought to recover for both.

The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff in the sum of \$102 for trespass and \$235 for the school building.

The first of the criminal cases was against Antonio Somalis for the manufacture and possession of intoxicating liquors. This case was the result of a raid on Mrs. Somalis' house in Mexico last March by deputies Allen J. Reed and Harold B. Holman, where liquor and cash were found.

Alfred J. McLania was fined \$50 for operating a motor vehicle while under the influence of intoxicating liquor.

Richard Crocker pleaded guilty to breaking, entering and larceny. Sentence was reserved.

Louis White charged with liquor nuisance retracted his plea of not guilty and pleaded guilty after hearing the state's evidence.

Peter Perry charged with maintaining a liquor nuisance was tried. The jury went out at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and at 4:45 reported a disagreement. They were again instructed by Judge Deasy and sent out, but reported a disagreement at 6 o'clock. This case will probably be continued until the October term.

The continued case of Irving M. Kellock for rape was tried Friday. This case was brought up at the February term of court. On the fourth day of that term he pleaded not guilty. The court appointed W. G. Conary to defend him, and on the fifth day he added to the plea he had made on the previous day, "by reason of insanity." He was committed to the Maine Hospital in Augusta for observation. At the trial in Rumford he denied the charge, saying it was a "frame up." The jury was out one hour and brought in a verdict of not guilty.

The following were sentenced: Annie Stippen, fined \$500 and eight months in jail, with eight months additional for default of fine. Unlawful possession.

Lewis White, fined \$500 with eight months in jail, with eight months additional for default of fine. Liquor nuisance.

John Melanson, fined \$800 with five months in jail, and six months additional for default of fine. Unlawful transportation, intimidating an officer, and other indictments.

William Giller, fined \$600 with five months in jail, and six months additional for default of fine. Unlawful transportation, intimidating an officer, and other indictments.

Leslie Roman, four months in jail. Assault and battery.

Richard Proctor, from one to two years in state prison.

William LaFrance, fined \$300 with eight months in jail, and eight months additional for default of fine. Nuisance.

John Joseph Bernard, fined \$100 and costs with three months in jail, and three months additional for default of fine. Possession of a still.

Antonio Somalis fined \$100 with sixty days in jail, and sixty days additional for default of fine. Manufacture and possession of intoxicating liquor.

FINN COMMITTEE SUICIDE AT UPTON

Last Friday night a Finn whose name could not be learned committed suicide at Upton by cutting his throat with a wood saw. He had been drinking heavily for several days and evidently committed the deed while under the influence of liquor. He was employed in the woods and had come from West Paris on a short time ago.

NOTICE TO O. A. ALUMNI

Will all those desiring tickets for the Alumni Luncheon please engage them at once as it is necessary to know not later than Saturday of this week how many cars must be laid.

CARLIE M. WIGHT, Secretary.

BETH AND VICINITY

Prof. W. Chapman was in Lewiston, Monday, en route.

Mr. C. W. Hall, Mr. F. B. Merrill and Miss H. Merrill were in Lewiston, Sunday.

Mr. Martin Butterfield of Farmington spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. C. L. N.

Mrs. Grace Bates has moved to her home on El Street, recently vacated by H. M. O'Neil.

Prof. W. S. Wright, who is confined to a hospital in Auburn, with illness, is improving slowly.

Mrs. D. M. Forbes was the guest of Mrs. L. A. Bates in Portland a few days last week.

Mr. H. M. Bates has moved to his new home in Bethel, on the north side of Cross Street.

Mrs. Mary Poore and son, Fred, of Brownfield were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. Poore.

Mr. Glynn Sawin has returned to his home here after attending school in Boston during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Hutchinson were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Archie Hutchinson at West Bethel.

Mr. P. C. Andrews is in Maplewood, N. H., where he is doing some carpenter work for Mr. Harriet Gilley.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Forbes and Mrs. Annie Emery spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Douglass and family in Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Burbank were at their cottage over the week end. They had as their guest, Miss Dorris Frost.

Friends of C. W. Hall will be pleased to hear that she is making a good recovery from a recent surgical operation and expects to be home very soon.

Miss Margaret Herick, who has been at St. Barnabas Hospital, Portland, returned home Monday. Mr. Charles T. O'Neil drove Miss Herick's car to Portland and Miss Marie Hutchins went to accompany Miss Herick home.

Senator Ralph O. Brewster of Portland delivered his Memorial sermon at the Congregational church, Sunday morning. Rev. E. B. Oliver had charge of the service. A male quartet sang several selections and Mr. Brasier sang a solo.

Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Rabideau and grandson of Mrs. N. H. were in Bethel, Sunday, guests of their daughters, Mrs. Howard Tyler and Mrs. Glenn Swan. Mr. Russell Cole accompanied them and he remained for a visit with Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Dink.

The weather has failed as yet to hand us out anything like warm weather. Monday morning there was a heavy white frost. The rains of the past few weeks along with the cold weather have kept the farmers from doing any planting, although some have put in peas and other small truck.

Word has been received in town of the death of Mr. Walter Johnson at the home of his sister, Mrs. Nellie Whitney, at Long Beach, Calif., where he had gone on account of ill health. Mr. Johnson was well remembered by many Bethel people as he spent his early manhood in this town when he attended the public schools.

Max Nellie M. Jackson, a well known teacher of the town, would like classes for beginners, a few far advanced pupils. Mrs. Jackson has taught classes in Portland and South Paris with success. She is studying in Portland and is a member of the Organists' Guild of Boston, Mass. For further information inquire of Mrs. A. L. Wiley.

One of the most delightful occasions of the past week was a reunion of the P. E. B. Club entertained at the home of Mrs. Otavia Bates at East Bethel in honor of Mrs. Wm. Flerta of New York who was at her home here for a week. The time passed very pleasantly with what, music and merry sociability. Delicious refreshments were served by the hostess and all enjoyed a happy banquet long to be kept in memory.

(Continued on page 4)

THE J. E. JONES LETTER

WATER POWERS IN THE WEST

Recent reports by the Geological Survey show that the use of water power in industry is not gaining on the steam plants. Now steam plants are largely maintained by the wasteful use of coal, and coal is a diminishing natural resource. Water power is an inexhaustible resource, and it neither diminishes its usefulness nor spoils its beauty to make it work. Thoughtful students of the subject of power production agree that water power and electrical transmission lines have the complete edge on all arguments concerning this vital subject.

What is perhaps the largest hydro-electric construction in progress in the world is the Big Creek-San Joaquin River development by the Southern California Edison Company. Here is a concern that had an investment of \$500 in 1885, and the company is spending \$375,000,000 this year on the above project. Last year the organization brought into service 130,000 horse power of hydro-electric energy in the above project. Four hundred thousand customers are being served by the Southern California Edison Company, and the story of what brains, water and electricity have done for the "winning of the West" in Southern California takes first place in the record of pioneering for civilization.

When water power stories are written one naturally thinks of the Colorado River of the Boulder Canyon site—and of the dream that it was promised would come true when Secretary Hoover battled for the "Hoover" by which seven sovereign States were to divide the use of the Colorado River, and start the scenic old river to work for the progress of humanity. But there's little doing on the Colorado, and the political blockade has extended so that it includes the operation of the Federal Power Commission. It took the Commission nearly twenty years to "get horn" and now that it is in existence it seems to find it hard to get out of its compass. By harnessing the Colorado River there could be reclaimed something like four million acres of land that is now mostly desert. Six million horse power of energy is ready to go into harness. Why, Franklin R. Lane had the vision when he was Secretary of Interior, to move for the reclamation of the Colorado River regions in the interests of the men serving at the time in the World War. His scheme was a genuine "bonus" that would have built a new Empire and avoided the program consummated in Congress the other day.

The achievements of private hydro-electric enterprises in California furnish a wonderful page in the industrial history of the State. But in a way the failures of the Government in its share in power development is magnified by the "blockade of power" on the Colorado River. The feasibility of the Boulder dam may be in question. But the river has been there since the beginning of eternity, and the location of the power and storage sites are matters that should be definitely settled.

Perhaps the day may come when the Government and the power companies will trust one another. There has been so much loot of the land, timber, mineral, oil, and other natural resources of the nation, that it is little wonder that there is tardy development in places where the details of progress should be speeded up. It is useless to assert that the Government is alone to blame for delays, as there are plenty of financial interests just as stupid as the political interests that they rail at. It is to the everlasting glory of the State of California that it is forging ahead, and eventually a clean job is being accomplished in hydro-electric development.

THE PRESIDENT AND CONGRESS Congress has overridden the President's veto of the House bill, and changed the principles of the Treasury plan with reference to the tax revision bill, and demanded the Administration in a way that indicates that the Executive and Legislative branches of the Government are as separate and distinct as the Republicans advocated during the Wilson regime that they should be. The old slogan about "standing by the President" does not seem to be in operation at least as a peace-time practice. The President has been deserted by the intimate legislative chiefs of his party, over whom he is naturally expected to retain leadership. A few years ago this would have been looked upon as a repudiation of the President. But in the new order of affairs there is no such conclusion. The President goes on his way, and no one is disturbed about the defeat he has sustained at the hands of

(Continued on page 3)

RECEPTION AT METHODIST CHURCH

Monday Evening. Large Attendance. Variety of Program. Abundance of Refreshments.

There was an excellent attendance at the reception given by the Evangelical Chapter of the Methodist League, Monday evening.

In the receiving line were the president and first vice president of the Epworth League, the pastor and wife and the teachers who have through the year made the Methodist Church their church home. After every one present had shaken hands a splendid program was given consisting of solos, duets, plays, speeches and games. The special attraction was the playette given by "Three Old Ladies" who were very smart although they were seventy-three. The game of "Boast" created no little laughter and the "Chinese spell-down" was certainly "different."

Refreshments of ice cream and fancy cookies were served. Time to go home came when everyone thought that the evening had just begun.

SCOUTS

TIDE BEAVER PATROL

The Second Class Scouts of Beaver Patrol plan a special trip immediately after the close of the schools. About a dozen boys have registered for 1924-5. Read the editorial in Monday's Portland Evening Express.

MAN HELD UP ON NORWAY ROAD

William Baxinet, a Lewiston taxi driver, who was driving toward Norway in the "wee sma' hours" of the morning last Saturday was held up at a point north of Mechanic Falls by two men, and at the point of a gun was forced to give up what money he had, amounting to about \$103. The bandits also took the car and the other mounted on a green motorcycle, which bore a number of plates, and speeded toward Norway. Later he found his car a couple of miles south of Norway a total wreck.

Mr. Baxinet notified the Lewiston police. He said one of the men was tall and about forty years old, with a black mustache, and clad in a suit of black clothes and top coat; and the other was a younger man similarly clad.

PIANO RECITAL

The senior pupils of Mrs. Nellie Brickett's class will give a piano recital at the William Bingham Gymnasium, Thursday evening, May 29, at eight o'clock. The public is cordially invited.

MEMORIAL DAY

The George A. Mudgett Post, No. 81, American Legion, has arranged the following program for Memorial Day:

Exercises at Bethel, 10 A. M. America, 1st verse, Audience Remarks, Rev. C. B. Oliver, School Children, Rev. C. B. Oliver, Benediction, Before the exercises in the church, the school children decorate the graves and a salute is fired by firing squad No. 103rd Infantry, followed by taps.

Exercises at Bethel Soldiers Monument 2:00 P. M. America, 1st verse, Audience Remarks, Gen. Logan's 1st Gen. Order, Post Adj. A. L. Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, Student, Gould's Academy America, 1st verse, Audience Remarks, Piping Squad, Mrs. Eva Herick. Line formed and marched to Odeon Hall. In case of rain, exercises at Memorial Hall will be omitted.

Odeon Hall Herick's Orchestra, Rev. C. B. Oliver, Mrs. Wight, Orchestra, Elwin L. Wilson, Audience Remarks, Rev. R. T. Achenbach. Benediction. Audience will remain seated after the benediction while the patriotic orders march from the hall.

To the members of the American Legion and all ex-service men, be sure and come for Memorial Day.

Meet at the Legion rooms: In morning at 8:30—in the afternoon at one o'clock. With or without uniform. Don't let the lack of a uniform keep you at home. Instructions will be given at meeting place. Any changes in the program that affects the Legion members will be published at the meeting Friday morning.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK AT GOULD'S ACADEMY

The program for Gould's Academy Commencement Week which begins on Sunday, June 1, is as follows:

Sunday, 2:30 P. M. Congregational Church, Anniversary Sermon.

Thursday, 10 A. M. William Bingham Gymnasium, Graduation Exercises.

Thursday, 1 P. M. Odeon Fellows Hall, Alumni Luncheon and Reunion. All who attend are requested to meet at the Academy at 12:30 to register and form the line of march.

Thursday, 4 P. M. Alumni Field, Annual Ball Game, Gould's vs. Alumni.

Thursday, 8 P. M. William Bingham Gymnasium, Annual Reception of Senior Class to Alumni and Friends.

No formal invitations are sent out except by the members of the graduating class to their intimate friends, but all friends of the school are cordially invited to share in the festivities of the week.

As previously announced the graduating exercises will vary somewhat from those of previous years. There will be fewer class parts but a play entitled "The Masque of the Two Strangers," by "ry On."

The Court of Youth is under the spell of the Gray Stranger, Sorrow, and the Princess sends "into the outer world" her childhood companions Joy, Laughter, Song and Dance. Poetry and Service, taking the part of the Greek chorus in a pageant, furnish explanation as the play proceeds.

In response to a proclamation, Fame, Power and Riches "bring gifts which have banished Sorrow from the side of others" but the Princess is too gentle to be won by them.

Hope then brings Love, the Stranger Pilgrim "who rules all hearts." Sorrow departs "yielding to him who is the strongest here."

Love pleads for sympathy for all mankind, the banished ones are recalled and all end happily.

Program of graduating exercises: Music Invocation Latin Salutatory, Taylor Clough Presentation of Class Gift, Emeline Henth

Acceptance of Gift, Dr. John G. Gehring Music The Masque of the Two Strangers Characters

Court Jester, William Chapman Joy, Ruth Emery Laughter, Marlan Brooks Song, Ruth Hastings Dance, Mildred Kelly Service, Shirley Brooks Poetry, Mildred York Hope, Louise Shordon Herald, Ernest Holt Princess Douce Coeur, Blais Flint Sorrow, Gene Saunders Fame, Willard Dean Riches, Edward Carlson Love, Donald Sweeney Music, Fred Philbrick

Valedictory Address, Alfreda Wheeler Presentation of Diplomas, Principal Frank E. Hanson

Class Ode Benediction Class Roll—Dessie Mae Dean, Willard Frederick Dean, Shirley Alta Brooks, Bertha Marlan Brooks, Edward Hyde Carlson, Alice Hazel Chapman, William Chambers Chapman, Taylor Danforth Clough, Ruth Emma Emery, Blais Pearl Flint, Robert Enoch Foster, Bernice Nina Haines, Ruth Ella Hastings, Emeline Viciana Heath, Gardiner Wendall Herick, Ernest Llewellyn Holt, Mildred Catherine Kelly, Lilla Edna Morse, Waldo Douglas Penlee, Fred Benjamin Philbrick, Hazel Mae Samuels, Gene Louise Saunders, Ardella Louise Shordon, Treva Edellinger, Hugh Wallace Stearns, Elmer Albert Stevens, Charles Henry Swas, Edward Robert Swan, Donald Nickerson Sweeney, Alfreda Emily Wheeler, Mildred Evelyn York.

MRS. MARTHA HEWEY Mrs. Martha Lang Hewey, 69, died at the home of her niece, Miss Maude Chesley, in Bethel, recently.

She was born in Danvers, N. H., a daughter of the late Joseph and Laura Leavitt Chesley, and is survived by two brothers, George Chesley of West Milan, N. H., and Edward Chesley of South Portland, also by several nieces and nephews, one of whom is Mrs. D. H. Spearin of Bethel. The body was taken to West Milan, N. H., for burial.

OXFORD COUNTY W. C. T. U. CONVENTION

The thirty-seventh annual convention of the Oxford County Woman's Christian Temperance Union was held in the Congregational church in Norway on Wednesday, May 21. Delegates were present from Norway, Bethel, Rumford Center, Mexico, Paris, West Paris and South Paris. It was well attended and was one of the best of its long series.

Miss Edith D. Potter of Lubec was present during the day, and gave a five-ly talk to the school children in the afternoon, and a fine address before the convention in the evening.

The church was beautifully decorated, and the hostess union served dinner and supper to over fifty guests.

A memorial from Gov. Baxter was presented to the pastor of the church by the president, Mrs. Kendall.

Telegrams were sent to our congressman and senators, White, Hale and Fernald, urging no backward movement in temperance legislation.

One of the most impressive addresses on the program was by Rev. Helen Hyde Carlson, her subject being "Car-ry On."

The following officers were chosen for the coming year: Pres.—Mrs. Jennie Bates Russell, Norway.

Vice-Pres.—Mrs. Susie Chapman, South Paris.

Cor. Sec.—Mrs. Anna W. White, West Paris.

Rec. Sec.—Mrs. Mary Braden, Mexico.

Treas.—Mrs. Theresa A. Elliott, Rumford Center.

REBEKAH DISTRICT MEETING

About two hundred and fifty members of the Rebekah Lodge met at Canton on Friday, May 23, for the district meeting.

The afternoon session opened shortly after 2 o'clock, the address of welcome being given by Mrs. Maude Richardson. The response to the welcome address was made by Mrs. Corn Cleary of Livermore Falls. The question period was more than most interesting and instructive. Three sisters qualified for the secret work of the Rebekah degree. Splendid remarks were made by District President, Josephine Shaw, and others.

A bounteous supper was served at the Grange Hall at 6 P. M.

In the evening the work of the Rebekah degree was exemplified by Fanny Mah Lodge of Canton. A program consisting of vocal solos by Mrs. Louise Adell and Rev. F. M. Lamb, and readings by Mrs. Mae Abbott of Purity Lodge, Rumford, and Mrs. Hassen of Charity Lodge, Livermore Falls, was much enjoyed. Interesting remarks were made by the Grand Officers, and by members of the various visiting lodges.

A silver collection for the Old Fellows Home was taken, the total amount received being \$34.95.

Good Faith Lodge of Buckfield assisted Pontamah in entertaining the visiting lodges.

NOTICE

The following streets will be closed during the Memorial exercises at the monument on May 29, 1924:

Main Street, from Brighton Avenue to Vernon Street; High Street, from Brighton Avenue to Mechanic Street; Mechanic Street, from Soldiers' Monument to Summer Street.

AMERICAN LEGION, George A. Mudgett Post, No. 81. For order—Scholesman.

CHANGE IN TRAIN SCHEDULE JUNE 22, 1924

After June 22, 1924, the following schedule will be in effect on the Bethel sub-division, Canadian National Railways:

No. 11 leaves Bethel at 9:50 p. m., arrives in Bethel about 4:45 a. m., and Portland 7:00 a. m.

No. 12 leaves Bethel at 8:00 a. m., arrives in Bethel about 3:40 a. m., and Portland 11:10 a. m.

No. 17 leaves Portland at 7:45 a. m., arrives in Bethel about 10:20 a. m., and Montreal 6:30 p. m.

No. 11 leaves Portland at 1:30 p. m., arrives Bethel about 4:20 p. m., and Island Pond 7:30 p. m.

No. 16 leaves Montreal at 8:35 a. m., arrives at Bethel about 3:00 p. m., and Portland 7:30 p. m.

No. 15 leaves Portland at 8:45 p. m., arrives at Bethel about 11:15 p. m., and Montreal 7:10 a. m.

Except Sunday. Various changes have been made to take effect May 15th, between Montreal, Sherbrooke, Richmond and Island Pond.

LONG Sometimes
 I long sometimes for the mountain peaks
 And the far reach of the sea.
 I long sometimes for a voice that speaks
 In the rustle of a tree.
 I long sometimes for the lonely heights
 Close to the spreading sky
 Where the only sound on summer nights
 Is a waterfall close by.
 I long for the silence of wooded space.
 For the fellowship of stars.
 I long for the peace of a quiet place
 That nothing human marks.

But if I were there in that calm retreat
 With a wilderness to view,
 I know I would pine for my noisy street.
 And long to come home to you.
 —Anne Campbell, in Detroit News.

Ten Pounds of Food Eaten by Each Guest

Our forefathers seem to have been mighty men, who thought nothing of riding 100 miles a day or of performing feats of pedestrianism from which we would shrink. Is it possible that we are becoming more feeble because we do not eat enough?

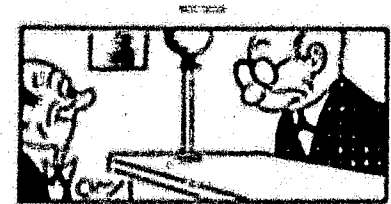
Even 20 years ago meals were far more hearty than they are now. One has only to read Dickens to realize this. Our grandfathers would have felt starved on the diet that most of us find sufficient.

But if we go back a few centuries we find appetites that seem amazing. Louis XIV of France, who had the reputation of being a very moderate trencherman, used to breakfast on four omelets, a whole chicken, four or five eggs and some hash.

The records of a dinner given by Henry VIII show that each guest consumed nearly ten pounds of food. The fish course alone included eels, salmon, pike, barded (now considered quite unfit for food), mullet and sturgeon.

Catherine de Medici offered her guests a feast in 1545 at which the roasts alone—there were a dozen other courses—consisted of peacocks, bustards, pheasants, capons, herons, swans, cranes, geese, hares, rabbits, deer, pigs, quails and ducks.

At a Recent Trial



Judge—You say she saw her husband killed without even changing color?

Witness—Well, er—I should have explained, your honor, that she didn't have the time or conveniences for doing it just then.

Color Blindness

A well-known epistom recently made the startling assertion that color blindness is usually inherited and not the result of disease.

Sometimes, like gout, it skips a generation. People who are color blind are always superstitious. There have been cases where men of seventy have hidden color blindness from their friends throughout their lives.

The famous chemist Dalton, Quaker, who first discovered color blindness in himself in 1794, had only three normal color sensations instead of six. A flower which he was told was pink looked blue to his eyes and in candle light reddish. When he cut his chin one day he saw bright green blood flowing from the wound.

About 100 years ago there lived a shoemaker who could not tell brown shoes from black and always persisted in saying that anything pink was green.

Some people are color blind in only one eye. While the right eye may see red and the left sees it as black.—London Times.

Keeping Up a Front

"I hear that you no longer like your apartment and that you're planning to move to another location," remarked Henry Rogers to his friend Bill Higgins on the subway platform the other morning.

"I'm afraid so," Higgins said with a sigh. "I'm tired of the racket and the noise. I want a quiet place where I can get married or have a party of friends."

"Indeed?" said Higgins. "And why the change?"

"I'm tired of my wife's constant nagging and her desire to have a new apartment. And with my new apartment I can have my wife nagging me as I please."

But just then the express drew in and in the rush Higgins became separated.—New York Times.

Have to Whistle for It

"Little Tommy Tucker was for his supper," remarked Mr. Wendell, apparently surprised at nothing.

And his friend suddenly thought of him for he happened: "Are you growing stout?"

"Oh, no."

"Then why this talk about little Tommy Tucker sleeping for his supper?"

"Oh, nothing. But with the wife nagging about it they are the average husband and wife for life."

A Helpful Hint

Traveling Luck—I've come to tell you, gentlemen, that I've missed my husband again for a fortnight.

Each husband—well, perhaps if you took a few lessons you'd be able to find your way home.—London Times.

GOOD ROADS

ASK MOTORISTS TO PAY FOR HIGHWAYS

(By ROY D. CHAPMAN, Chairman Highway Committee, National Automobile Chamber of Commerce.)

Highway engineers of the United States have carried their task forward to a point where the public can now obtain a visual demonstration of results in every state in the Union. At the end of 1918 there were 32.5 miles of completed federal aid projects in the country. Since then projects amounting to 23,772 miles have been completed, 15,318 miles are under construction, and an additional 9,000 miles have been approved for construction.

Virtually all of this work has been done on those main highways which constitute the selected federal aid system of 7 per cent of the highways of the country, and yet the funds so expended from both federal and state sources are less than one-half of annual expenditures made for rural highway purposes.

The other funds have been expended, first, under state jurisdiction on the secondary roads, and, second, under county and local supervision, on the county and purely local roads.

The net result is that as we swing into 1924 there are approximately 430,000 miles of highways in the United States on which there has been some degree of improvement from those of sand-clay up to the heaviest and most durable roads known to modern engineering. The total mileage of all types of roads in the country is 2,811,500.

This achievement, which gives us a mileage of improved roads almost four times as great as all of the roads in the United Kingdom, has been attained just in time to take care of the swelling army of motor car drivers and it will be only by a continuation of the present program for the next ten years that we can finally arrive at a completed system approximating the needs of highway traffic.

The principal problem to the student of highway transport is that of how an undertaking of this size is to be financed, requiring as it does, and will for a decade, an annual appropriation of at least \$1,000,000,000 from national, state and local sources.

The answer has been obtained, in part, through conferences between officials of the American Association of State Highway Officials, the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, the Investment Bankers of America and the Bureau of Public Roads.

The chief points were that all who benefit from highway construction should join in paying for them, that maintenance of the interstate and state systems is justifiably chargeable against the motor user, that highway expenditures should be based upon budgets and should not be out of line with other public needs, and finally that depending upon the comparative stages of the highway program, long term bond issues should be voted to provide for immediate construction of the principal systems which must inevitably cost the public less to build and maintain than to go without.

Records Give Wisconsin Longest Concrete Road

Where are the longest continuous stretches of concrete roads?

A recent search of highway records gives Wisconsin the honor with 10 miles. The contestants are from every section of the country and show how the good roads movement is being carried out.

Wisconsin—Troy Center through Milwaukee and to Lake Michigan. 10 miles.
 Minnesota—Anoka to Belle Prairie. 11 miles.
 California—Yuba City to Chico. 40 miles.
 Iowa—Lowell to Des Moines. 40 miles.
 California—Elgin to Red Bluff. 40 miles.
 California—Tehachas to Fresno. 40 miles.
 California—Westminster to Indio. 40 miles.
 Florida—Jacksonville to Lake City. 40 miles.
 Colorado—Denver to Boulder. 40 miles.
 Arizona—Phoenix to Flagstaff. 40 miles.
 California—Klamath to Redding. 40 miles.
 Maine—Portland to Lewiston. 40 miles.

Miles of Paved Streets in American Cities Big

If the paved streets of 200 leading American cities—about 90 per cent of the cities of the United States—were laid out in a single great highway, it would be more than twice as long as the equator. The survey, the results of which have just been announced, shows that with an average of sixteen feet of width, there are 24, 213 miles of paved streets in American cities of 10,000 or more population. This compares by far exceeds that of almost every other country in the world.

Benefits of Dragging

What a difference it makes in frost on roads if they are dragged before the snow has come! It is evident to those of our own highways have in the country, that the Rochester (N.Y.) Southern Railway, since that were dragged during the recent rains, are now regular boulevards. Others that were not are full of ruts and white powder, previously used a car to plow. The money spent in dragging these roads has paid the taxpayers many times over on wear and tear on their vehicles.

BETHEL AND VICINITY

(Continued from page 1)

Mr. Charles Cross was in Lewiston, Thursday.

Mr. L. A. Hall was a visitor in Lewiston, Friday.

Mr. Guy Grouse and family were in Portland, Sunday.

Mr. G. N. Sanborn is clerking in L. W. Morse's store.

The dates for the Chautauque this year are August 18-22.

Mr. L. W. Morse visited friends in Upton the last of the week.

Mr. Marshall Hastings was a business visitor in Augusta last week.

Several from here attended the Council meeting at Norway, Friday.

Dr. and Mrs. L. H. Wight were in Portland a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Berry entertained friends from Webb's Mills, recently.

Hon. H. H. Hastings was in Thomaston on business a few days last week.

A cow moose was seen at West Bethel, Monday, by quite a number of citizens.

Mr. Patrick O'Brien has returned from Boston after spending a few days there.

Mrs. F. L. Edwards and daughter, Dorothy, were in Portland a few days last week.

Master Lawrence Bartlett had the misfortune to break his thumb one day last week.

Mrs. Ella Mansfield went to Jonesport the first of the week to spend a few days.

Mrs. Cora Fawin was the guest of her sister, Miss Estella Bran, of Albany one day last week.

Mrs. L. M. Goodwin of Norway is the guest of her niece, Mrs. George Hapgood, and family.

Quite a number of the students attended the track meet at Bates College, Lewiston, Saturday.

Prof. W. R. Chapman and family moved to their summer home at Shelburne, N. H., Tuesday.

Mr. Roy Campbell spent the week with his family in town. Mr. Campbell has employment at Minot, N. H.

Miss Laura Hutchinson, who has been attending Gray's Business College in Portland, has completed her course and returned to her home at West Bethel.

Mr. John Wood of Greene has entered the employ of the Merrill, Springer Co., and is staying with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wood. He will move his family to Bethel later.

Mrs. D. H. Speerlin was called to Milton, N. H., recently to attend the funeral of her aunt who died at Blackfield, N. H., May 10, and was taken to Milton, N. H., her old home, for burial.

The W. R. T. met with Mrs. J. C. Higgins, Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Higgins gave an interesting report of the County Convention which was held in Norway, May 21st.

Among those to graduate from Bates College this year appears the name of Edwin L. Wilson. Mr. Wilson is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Irving Wilson of Bethel. He will receive the degree of A. B.

The Maine Model Park, Farmers Warehouse and Little Theatre, located at Portland, Maine, to spend the week end. Mrs. E. P. Park accompanied them from time after spending a few days there.

Mrs. Harriet Cilley is on a business trip to Maplewood, N. H.

Miss Adelaide Ramsell spent the week end with friends in Portland.

Mr. J. J. Spinnery has purchased the Fred Holt house on Elm Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Allen and son, Stanley, were in Portland, Sunday.

Mrs. Grace Swan of Berlin, N. H., was in town a few days last week.

Mr. A. F. Copeland is building a stable on his lot on Chapman Street.

Rev. Stanley Manning of Gardiner was a business visitor in town, Friday.

Rev. and Mrs. G. B. Oliver visited relatives in Peru several days last week.

Mrs. L. J. Littlehale was a recent guest of her mother, Mrs. King, at So. Paris.

Miss Doris Frost has completed her duties at Mrs. J. P. Skillings' and returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Lapham and daughter visited relatives at Bryant's Pond, Sunday.

Mr. L. B. Folsom of Waban, Mass., was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Boeserman a few days last week.

Mrs. C. L. Davis, who has been spending sometime with her daughter in Portland, returned home Monday.

Mr. Harry Inman has moved into his house on Philbrook Street which he recently purchased of Cyrus Twitcheell.

Mrs. Lyman Wheeler has returned from Bowdoinham where she spent several days with relatives and friends.

Miss Carrie Wight was a week end guest of Mrs. W. H. Cornforth at Auburn, and also spent a day in Portland.

Mrs. Gertrude Hapgood and son, Laurence, and Mrs. Ula Parsons were in Norway and South Paris one day last week.

Mrs. Maude Rice of Auburn was the guest last Friday of her father, Mr. Levi Bartlett, and sister, Mrs. F. J. Tyler.

Mrs. H. B. Tibbitts and Mrs. A. Vandenberghoven are attending the Grand Lodge, O. E. S., at Portland this week.

The Misses Kathryn Hanson and Marjorie Farwell attended the track meet at Bates College, Lewiston, Saturday.

Mrs. Effie Akers of Portland, who has been the guest of her mother, Mrs. Lela Thurston, returned to her home Sunday.

Next Monday evening, June 2, is gentlemen's night at the meeting of the Grand Lodge and it is hoped a good number will be present.

Mr. Wm. Matthews has moved his family from the L. N. Bartlett house to the P. C. Andrews house. Mr. Merle Swann has moved into the L. N. Bartlett house.

Phyllis Loring, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Loring of Yarmouth, Me., has been spending a couple of weeks with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Carter.

The Wilsons office closes at noon this Friday.

**FOR THE
Radio News
READ THE
Boston Globe**

For
Memorial Day
 I HAVE
 Tulips, Geraniums, Fuchsias,
 Petunias, Vines and Pansies
 SEEDLINGS consisting of
 Asters, Zinnias, Salvia, Stocks
 ALSO HAVE
 Tomatoes, Cabbage, Cauliflower and Celery Plants
Order Your Cut Flowers Early
Van's

CANTON

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Needham of Deering have been recent guests of Mrs. A. C. Corlies. They were charter members of the Ponemah Rebekah Lodge.

Mr. Elmer Frazee was entertained over the week end by Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Ellis.

Memorial Day was observed in the Universalist church on Sunday, with a fine Memorial sermon by the pastor, Mr. Frazee, and special music. The G. A. R. and W. S. R. C. attended the service in a body.

Mrs. Mary P. Richardson celebrated her 50th birthday anniversary on Friday, May 23. Many members of her family were present and a birthday supper was served. Mrs. Richardson was the recipient of many gifts, including flowers and many cards. She is mentally active, and her physical health unusually good for one of her years.

Several new cases of measles have developed in town, including Frank Harding, Lawrence Goding, Richard Briggs, Susie Walker and Daisy Sanborn.

Elva Hall, who has been ill with pneumonia, is able to sit up.

Mrs. Arthur Tirrell and daughter, Wil-

sona, have been spending a few days in Norway with Mrs. Tirrell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Ingersoll. George Johnson broke his ankle Saturday while assisting in getting an automobile from the ditch.

Ruth Jacobson is spending two weeks with friends at Bar Harbor.

Harold Gilbert and Mrs. Peral Adams have been drawn to serve on the jury.

New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad to place orders for 15 new locomotives.

Quality Ice Cream
S Appropriate
H Disappointing
NEVER
 Look for the S H Sign

Garden Seeds
 Garden Tools Lawn Rakes
 Wheel Barrows
Fishing Tackle
 RODS REELS LINES SINKERS
 Hooks of all kinds Nets Baskets Bait Boxes
G. L. THURSTON BETHEL MAINE

**Special Display
Summer Dress Goods**
 Now in
 Greatest Demand

We intend to serve a double purpose by this special display. First, to make it possible for you to select such materials as you desire, with ease. Secondly, to convince you, in a single visit, of the scope of our Summer Dress Goods stock and the splendid values we've provided.

Suitable materials for Ladies' Dresses, Skirts, Blouses and materials for Children's Wear.

We have Crepes of many kinds, Voiles, Linens, Tissues, Guze Marvel, Ratine, Drawn Cloth, Pamico Cloth and many novelties.

A Noteworthy Hosiery Value

Silk Hosiery for \$1.00

Two special lots, first, lot of pure silk fashioned to the heel, hide top that in very elastic, colors are medium grey, French nude, fawn, black and white. Second, lot of mostly pure silk and small amount of fibre silk full fashioned, grey, leg cabin, fawn and black.

SPORT SKIRTS

We are splendidly prepared to supply your needs, offering in wide range for choice in color, style and material. Checked Flannels, Fancy Crepes, in wrap-around and pleated models.

Prices \$4.95, \$5.95, \$6.95, \$7.50, \$9.95

THE SPRING COATS

Many at Greatly Reduced Prices

The garments have all these little touches of style that is always in demand by every woman purchasing new apparel. And the styles shown here are absolutely correct in every detail.

The price range is broad and sure to appeal as offering the greatest value at each cost.

Coats for \$12.00, very desirable.

Other Coats for \$15.50, \$19.75, \$29.75.

A saving on many coats from \$5.00 to \$10.00.

Brown, Buck & Co.
 NORWAY, MAINE

Newspaper
 "In wh
 erment
 State?"
 It can
 no better
 tral auth
 roads, as
 better pul
 ards of h
 usually h
 sideration
 are those
 ies.
 "The Un
 for many
 policy of
 a long per
 ings are n
 in ten or
 willstand
 hundreds
 Canal was
 stunted; t
 and so, bu
 could bui
 was made
 of money a
 to it.
 When th
 begins the
 national h
 same way
 ure. Too
 only for t
 too light,
 to pieces;
 they wast
 local prej
 built on ex
 economical
 money.
 Building
 of road eng
 is one of t
 roads entai
 ing for the
 ways begin
 where.
 GRADE OR
 ISHED
 Number an
 "Abolish
 the man in
 other fami
 thing is ca
 On Class
 In the Unit
 inga. The
 3,853. To
 on an avera
 tal of some
 which the an
 be almost a
 It is obvi
 We haven't
 quantity. In
 lost in grade
 economically
 ey required d
 ings. But w
 went under
 national high
 an example
 eliminating
 a mileage.
 That grade
 be eliminate
 done in a fe
 futile dream.
 FOREST
 By Maine
 Enforcement
 Control of
 the burning of
 Penalties i
 gushed or al
 Maintenance
 Maintenance
 tools.
 Suppressing
 Use of spec
 fires.
 Authority to
 hunting and
 Posting of
 rational work
 licensing of
 Authority to
 time of drag
 voke them to
 laws.
 MAINE F
 The Maine
 2,700,000
 Fire protect
 including fire
 paid for by the
 prolien secur
 1.4 miles an th
 within the Dis
 Any adjoint
 may at any ti
 tants become
 District.
 OUTSIDE F
 Responsibility
 the 5,000,000
 side of the M
 rests upon the
 laws or plants

Innocence and Experience at a Hero's Grave



Memorial Day—With the veteran, bowed with years and experience, and a "Red Cross Nurse" offering their floral tribute at the grave of a Civil War hero.

Memorial Day to Honor Hero Dead

Most Significant Occasion Given Over to Paying Tender Tribute.

MEMORIAL DAY, which honors those who have fallen in this country's wars, is regarded by many as the most impressive of patriotic holidays. To that heroic band who died saving the country so gallantly in earlier days, the World War has added its thousands of young men who entered the same fiery furnace in which their fathers died. Now, in observance of the day, veterans of recent wars join with surviving veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic, that old, magnificent, battle-scarred army of men who are grizzled and gray.

Between the veterans, old and young, there is a common bond. Both have fought that right might prevail. The spirit of service and sacrifice of these men is alive today although the years for which many of them fought long have been settled.

Memorial Day is one of the most significant occasions of the year. It shows the sentiment of the people toward those who gave their lives for a good cause and it teaches a lesson in patriotism which is without parallel.

Memorial Day cannot be too tenderly covered by old and young, by those who took part in one of the nation's great struggles or by those who simply know of it as history. Some one has said:

The observance of Memorial Day was inaugurated by a general order, given May 5, 1868, by Gen. John A. Logan, commander in chief of the Grand Army of the Republic. The order designated May 30 of that year as the day.

The board of the first observance of a Memorial Day in connection with the Union Dead is due James Redpath and Dr. H. H. Hawks, who in May, 1868, held memorial services over the graves of patriots who died in a blockade in Charleston, S. C. Soldiers and children marched through the streets and more than 10,000 persons participated in the ceremony.

General Logan's order, issued to all posts of the Grand Army, an organization then in its infancy, said:

The 30th day of May, 1868, is designated for the purpose of strewing with flowers or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades who died in defense of their country during the late rebellion and whose bodies now lie in solemn silence in a remote corner of the battlefield, or in a remote and forgotten cemetery, or perhaps in a remote military hospital.

We are reminded, comrades, as we participate in this day, of the purpose, sacrifice and valor of those who gave their lives for the Union. We are reminded of the fact that the Union is still with us, and that the principles for which they died are still the principles of our country. We are reminded of the fact that the Union is still with us, and that the principles for which they died are still the principles of our country.

Memorial Day is a day when we remember the sacrifices of our heroes. It is a day when we honor the men who gave their lives for the Union. It is a day when we are reminded of the principles for which they died and the Union that they fought for.

Meaning of the Colors

HOW many people can tell what is the significance in their entirety of the red, white and blue of the American national flag, the national colors? It is, of course, generally understood that one star represents each state included in the Union and that the first flag contained 13 stars, representing 13 original states. The designers of the American emblem had intended that the red stripes represent the bloodshed necessary to establish us as a nation. The white is indicative of the purity of our Constitution and our form of government. The blue is symbolic of the clear dome of heaven, wherein are set the stars of the Union under which all peoples, regardless of race, color or religion, may breathe the air of freedom. It is the unquenchable flag of the world. — Elizabeth Gregg.

Arlington Typical of Great America

Service to Country Is One Necessary Requisite for Burial There.

MEMORIAL DAY in wide variety have been erected to the valor and patriotism of the thousands of defenders of the nation, but by far the most magnificent of these tributes is the great Arlington cemetery, just across the Potomac river, on the heights overlooking the capital city of Washington. Here lie buried some 50,000 dead of the Civil War, the Spanish-American war, and the World War. Neither money nor effort has been spared to make this cemetery a fitting resting place for the soldiers and sailors who here repose in their last long sleep. Simple marble headstones of private and modest of distinguished army and naval officers. Service to his country is a necessary requisite for burial in Arlington, but rank matters not; the humblest and the greatest sleep together.

Standing out beyond all the monuments in Arlington, without doubt, is the gleaming white marble of the great amphitheater dedicated three years ago. Here on Memorial Day hundreds of government officials and private citizens gather in an impressive service. Three other memorials in Arlington command more than passing notice. The most of the battlefield Maine, work in Havana harbor a quarter of a century ago, prefiguring the Spanish-American war, serves as a monument over the graves of many brave American sailors who lost their lives when that ship struck a mine. The monument to 2,311 of the unknown dead of the Civil War ever known the visitor to the cemetery of the thousands lying in unmarked graves. And of more recent renown is the grave of the unknown soldier whose body was brought from the fields of France to typify his comrades in this last great conflict. It is a touching sight as some little gray-haired woman, often plainly dressed, but always in deep black, kneels at his tomb. She has made the pilgrimage to the grave of "her boy" — and it may be her boy, if he was among the unidentified dead. At least, she finds consolation in thinking it is, and her mother heart is soothed when she has knelt at his last resting place. Many mothers have in the last few months thus sought consolation for their loss.

Arlington cemetery is unique—there is nothing like it in the world. Other nations have erected monuments, shrines and memorials to their successful military and naval leaders and statesmen. They have provided massive tombs and burial places, but always for men of high rank. England has her Westminster abbey, for men of high distinction in statesmanship, literature, science, letters, religion, as well as war. For the lowly soldier and sailor, however, there is no such place as Arlington. Here the graves of the unknown soldier and the unknown sailor are placed side by side with the graves of the most distinguished military and naval leaders.

The ranks of the Grand Army of the Republic and the United States Army are represented in the cemetery. The Grand Army of the Republic is represented by the graves of its members who died in the Civil War. The United States Army is represented by the graves of its members who died in the Spanish-American War and the World War.

The Grand Army of the Republic is a national organization of Union veterans of the Civil War. It was founded in 1865 and has since that time been a powerful force in the life of the nation. It has been instrumental in the establishment of many of the great public works of the country, and it has been a powerful force in the life of the nation.

The United States Army is a branch of the federal government. It is responsible for the defense of the United States and for the maintenance of peace and order in the world. It has been a powerful force in the life of the nation, and it has been instrumental in the establishment of many of the great public works of the country.

Memorial Day is a day when we remember the sacrifices of our heroes. It is a day when we honor the men who gave their lives for the Union. It is a day when we are reminded of the principles for which they died and the Union that they fought for.

Memorial Day is a day when we remember the sacrifices of our heroes. It is a day when we honor the men who gave their lives for the Union. It is a day when we are reminded of the principles for which they died and the Union that they fought for.

Memorial Day is a day when we remember the sacrifices of our heroes. It is a day when we honor the men who gave their lives for the Union. It is a day when we are reminded of the principles for which they died and the Union that they fought for.

Memorial Day is a day when we remember the sacrifices of our heroes. It is a day when we honor the men who gave their lives for the Union. It is a day when we are reminded of the principles for which they died and the Union that they fought for.

Memorial Day is a day when we remember the sacrifices of our heroes. It is a day when we honor the men who gave their lives for the Union. It is a day when we are reminded of the principles for which they died and the Union that they fought for.

A Plea for Poppy Day

By James D. Campbell, in New York Times

IT, CHERISH the flag with the stars of blue. And its wonderful stars of gold. They stand for the men who stood for you. When a gold star fell a star of blue. Filled up the breach till their work was through. The story should never grow old.

Oh, cherish the flag with the stars of blue. And the pitiful stars of gold. The gold ones gave and they gave and gave. And all that a man could give they gave. These stars shine down on a martyr's grave. And your grief must never grow cold.

Oh, cherish the flag with the stars of gold. And the myriad stars of blue. These stars of blue who were there to give. Their very lives they offered to give. So all that you hold dear might live. Yes, if need be, to die for you.

And our hearts can add yet another star. One that's stained with a blood-like red. It stands for the blind and the crippled. Who were fighting there in your stead. They took the wounds and the bullets. And the suffering all for you. Oh, cherish the flag with its stars of gold. And its stars of red and blue.

Who were fighting there in your stead. They took the wounds and the bullets. And the suffering all for you. Oh, cherish the flag with its stars of gold. And its stars of red and blue.

Who were fighting there in your stead. They took the wounds and the bullets. And the suffering all for you. Oh, cherish the flag with its stars of gold. And its stars of red and blue.

Who were fighting there in your stead. They took the wounds and the bullets. And the suffering all for you. Oh, cherish the flag with its stars of gold. And its stars of red and blue.

Who were fighting there in your stead. They took the wounds and the bullets. And the suffering all for you. Oh, cherish the flag with its stars of gold. And its stars of red and blue.

Who were fighting there in your stead. They took the wounds and the bullets. And the suffering all for you. Oh, cherish the flag with its stars of gold. And its stars of red and blue.

Who were fighting there in your stead. They took the wounds and the bullets. And the suffering all for you. Oh, cherish the flag with its stars of gold. And its stars of red and blue.

Who were fighting there in your stead. They took the wounds and the bullets. And the suffering all for you. Oh, cherish the flag with its stars of gold. And its stars of red and blue.

Who were fighting there in your stead. They took the wounds and the bullets. And the suffering all for you. Oh, cherish the flag with its stars of gold. And its stars of red and blue.

Who were fighting there in your stead. They took the wounds and the bullets. And the suffering all for you. Oh, cherish the flag with its stars of gold. And its stars of red and blue.

Who were fighting there in your stead. They took the wounds and the bullets. And the suffering all for you. Oh, cherish the flag with its stars of gold. And its stars of red and blue.

Who were fighting there in your stead. They took the wounds and the bullets. And the suffering all for you. Oh, cherish the flag with its stars of gold. And its stars of red and blue.

Who were fighting there in your stead. They took the wounds and the bullets. And the suffering all for you. Oh, cherish the flag with its stars of gold. And its stars of red and blue.

Who were fighting there in your stead. They took the wounds and the bullets. And the suffering all for you. Oh, cherish the flag with its stars of gold. And its stars of red and blue.

Who were fighting there in your stead. They took the wounds and the bullets. And the suffering all for you. Oh, cherish the flag with its stars of gold. And its stars of red and blue.

Who were fighting there in your stead. They took the wounds and the bullets. And the suffering all for you. Oh, cherish the flag with its stars of gold. And its stars of red and blue.

Who were fighting there in your stead. They took the wounds and the bullets. And the suffering all for you. Oh, cherish the flag with its stars of gold. And its stars of red and blue.

Who were fighting there in your stead. They took the wounds and the bullets. And the suffering all for you. Oh, cherish the flag with its stars of gold. And its stars of red and blue.

Who were fighting there in your stead. They took the wounds and the bullets. And the suffering all for you. Oh, cherish the flag with its stars of gold. And its stars of red and blue.

Who were fighting there in your stead. They took the wounds and the bullets. And the suffering all for you. Oh, cherish the flag with its stars of gold. And its stars of red and blue.

Who were fighting there in your stead. They took the wounds and the bullets. And the suffering all for you. Oh, cherish the flag with its stars of gold. And its stars of red and blue.

Who were fighting there in your stead. They took the wounds and the bullets. And the suffering all for you. Oh, cherish the flag with its stars of gold. And its stars of red and blue.

Who were fighting there in your stead. They took the wounds and the bullets. And the suffering all for you. Oh, cherish the flag with its stars of gold. And its stars of red and blue.

Who were fighting there in your stead. They took the wounds and the bullets. And the suffering all for you. Oh, cherish the flag with its stars of gold. And its stars of red and blue.

Who were fighting there in your stead. They took the wounds and the bullets. And the suffering all for you. Oh, cherish the flag with its stars of gold. And its stars of red and blue.

Who were fighting there in your stead. They took the wounds and the bullets. And the suffering all for you. Oh, cherish the flag with its stars of gold. And its stars of red and blue.

Who were fighting there in your stead. They took the wounds and the bullets. And the suffering all for you. Oh, cherish the flag with its stars of gold. And its stars of red and blue.

Who were fighting there in your stead. They took the wounds and the bullets. And the suffering all for you. Oh, cherish the flag with its stars of gold. And its stars of red and blue.

Who were fighting there in your stead. They took the wounds and the bullets. And the suffering all for you. Oh, cherish the flag with its stars of gold. And its stars of red and blue.

Who were fighting there in your stead. They took the wounds and the bullets. And the suffering all for you. Oh, cherish the flag with its stars of gold. And its stars of red and blue.

Who were fighting there in your stead. They took the wounds and the bullets. And the suffering all for you. Oh, cherish the flag with its stars of gold. And its stars of red and blue.

Who were fighting there in your stead. They took the wounds and the bullets. And the suffering all for you. Oh, cherish the flag with its stars of gold. And its stars of red and blue.

Who were fighting there in your stead. They took the wounds and the bullets. And the suffering all for you. Oh, cherish the flag with its stars of gold. And its stars of red and blue.

Who were fighting there in your stead. They took the wounds and the bullets. And the suffering all for you. Oh, cherish the flag with its stars of gold. And its stars of red and blue.

Who were fighting there in your stead. They took the wounds and the bullets. And the suffering all for you. Oh, cherish the flag with its stars of gold. And its stars of red and blue.

Who were fighting there in your stead. They took the wounds and the bullets. And the suffering all for you. Oh, cherish the flag with its stars of gold. And its stars of red and blue.

Who were fighting there in your stead. They took the wounds and the bullets. And the suffering all for you. Oh, cherish the flag with its stars of gold. And its stars of red and blue.

Who were fighting there in your stead. They took the wounds and the bullets. And the suffering all for you. Oh, cherish the flag with its stars of gold. And its stars of red and blue.

Who were fighting there in your stead. They took the wounds and the bullets. And the suffering all for you. Oh, cherish the flag with its stars of gold. And its stars of red and blue.

Who were fighting there in your stead. They took the wounds and the bullets. And the suffering all for you. Oh, cherish the flag with its stars of gold. And its stars of red and blue.

Who were fighting there in your stead. They took the wounds and the bullets. And the suffering all for you. Oh, cherish the flag with its stars of gold. And its stars of red and blue.

Who were fighting there in your stead. They took the wounds and the bullets. And the suffering all for you. Oh, cherish the flag with its stars of gold. And its stars of red and blue.

Who were fighting there in your stead. They took the wounds and the bullets. And the suffering all for you. Oh, cherish the flag with its stars of gold. And its stars of red and blue.

Taking of Envoys Promised Trouble

Civil War Occurrence That Threatened to Bring on New War.

NO SINGLE incident in the history of the Civil War threatened more serious consequences and none more excited the country than the seizure of the Confederate envoys to Europe, James M. Mason of Virginia and John S. Slidell of Louisiana, on board the British mail steamer Trent, by officers of the U. S. navy.

Mason and Slidell were delegated to solicit the recognition of the Confederacy by England and France. They had run the blockade at Charleston and boarded the Trent at Havana to go to St. Thomas, where they were to board a steamer for England.

Captain Wilkes of the United States war steamer San Jacinto heard of their movements and made inquiries at Havana which led him to form a plan for stopping the Trent and taking the envoys from her.

To this end he took up a station in the Old Bahama channel, on the north shore of Cuba, where the steamer must pass.

The San Jacinto sent a solid shot across the bow of the Trent, as she came near, about noon on Nov. 8, 1861. The captain of the English steamer refused to understand and a shell was next sent across his bow.

The Trent stopped. Captain Wilkes ordered an armed party to board her and take off the Confederate envoys. This party was headed by Lieut. Donald McNeill Fairfax.

By a curious fate the important duty of apprehending these representatives of the Confederacy fell to an officer of southern birth. Fairfax was a member of the famous Fairfax family of Virginia, a great-grandson of Bryan, eighth Baron Fairfax, and he had entered the navy from North Carolina.

Mounting to the steamer's deck alone, Lieutenant Fairfax requested the captain to show him his passenger list. The captain refused.

Hearing their names, Mason and Slidell came from the cabin. Lieutenant Fairfax told them it was his duty to take them with him to the San Jacinto. They replied that force only could make them go. They then retired to their cabins. Their families were with them, and here a scene of a trying nature took place.

The armed men in the naval boat alongside, hearing an altercation on deck—many of the passengers were roundly abusing Lieutenant Fairfax—had by this time come up the side. Lieutenant Fairfax sent to the San Jacinto for more men and twenty-four came. These were stationed in the cabin and on the deck of the Trent.

Lieutenant Fairfax took Senator Mason by the shoulder and escorted him to the gangway, where he was taken in charge by another officer. Senator Slidell declared more force would be needed to take him, but he was led by the arm to the side. The two secretaries of the envoys went with them.

When the boats of the San Jacinto shoved off the Trent resumed her voyage. The Confederate envoys were taken to Boston and put into Fort Warren. The British government demanded their release on penalty of war, they having been taken when under the British flag; and as there was a technical flaw in Captain Wilkes' act, in his not having asked the vessel for adjudication before a prize court, the United States government, under the pacific influence of President Lincoln, surrendered the envoys.

The incident served, however, greatly to lessen their influence when finally they arrived in Europe, as the governments of both England and France recognized them only as "private gentlemen."

The incident served, however, greatly to lessen their influence when finally they arrived in Europe, as the governments of both England and France recognized them only as "private gentlemen."

The incident served, however, greatly to lessen their influence when finally they arrived in Europe, as the governments of both England and France recognized them only as "private gentlemen."

The incident served, however, greatly to lessen their influence when finally they arrived in Europe, as the governments of both England and France recognized them only as "private gentlemen."

The incident served, however, greatly to lessen their influence when finally they arrived in Europe, as the governments of both England and France recognized them only as "private gentlemen."

The incident served, however, greatly to lessen their influence when finally they arrived in Europe, as the governments of both England and France recognized them only as "private gentlemen."

The incident served, however, greatly to lessen their influence when finally they arrived in Europe, as the governments of both England and France recognized them only as "private gentlemen."

The incident served, however, greatly to lessen their influence when finally they arrived in Europe, as the governments of both England and France recognized them only as "private gentlemen."

The incident served, however, greatly to lessen their influence when finally they arrived in Europe, as the governments of both England and France recognized them only as "private gentlemen."

The incident served, however, greatly to lessen their influence when finally they arrived in Europe, as the governments of both England and France recognized them only as "private gentlemen."

The incident served, however, greatly to lessen their influence when finally they arrived in Europe, as the governments of both England and France recognized them only as "private gentlemen."

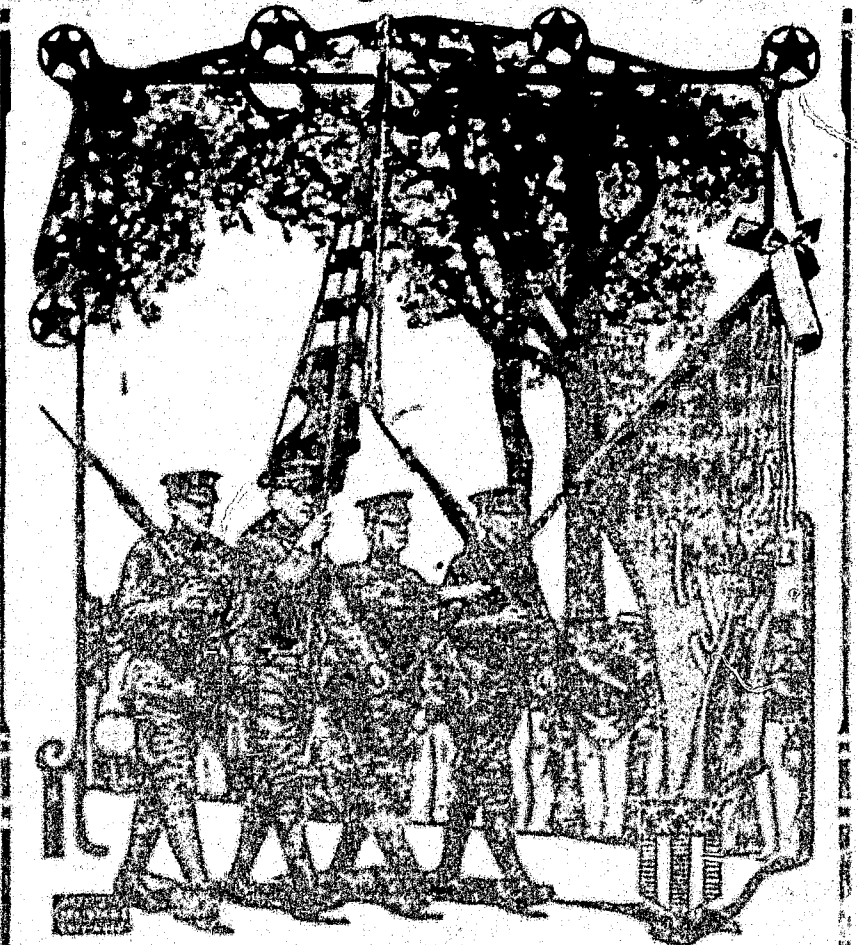
The incident served, however, greatly to lessen their influence when finally they arrived in Europe, as the governments of both England and France recognized them only as "private gentlemen."

The incident served, however, greatly to lessen their influence when finally they arrived in Europe, as the governments of both England and France recognized them only as "private gentlemen."

The incident served, however, greatly to lessen their influence when finally they arrived in Europe, as the governments of both England and France recognized them only as "private gentlemen."

The incident served, however, greatly to lessen their influence when finally they arrived in Europe, as the governments of both England and France recognized them only as "private gentlemen."

Color Guard Leading the Memorial Day Parade



Where former service men are not prevailed upon to leave Memorial Day Parades, they form in line and march to the cemeteries to decorate the graves of veterans of all wars.

Bill Ran Away to Join the Colors

"We're Coming, Father Abba'm, Three Hundred Thousand Strong"

By GRACE HADFORD OLIN

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

MOTHER and I had taken care of Bill ever since his father died, and him a little shaver two and a half years old.

And then his sweet mother, heart-broken at the death of her young husband, closed her eyes forever.

And seeing as how Belle (the boy's mother) was our only child, we, too, would have died of grief if it hadn't been for Bill.

He had the bluest eyes and the sunniest smile I ever saw in a child. And I guess we must spoiled him. Leastways, folks said we did.

But how was a body to help it? He'd just slip his arm around his grandmother's shoulder or give me a "clummy" nudge with his elbow, and if the cookie jar had been robbed or he'd sneaked off fishing 'stead of going to school—well, you couldn't say nothing, that's all.

You see, way down inside he was loyal and true and generous, if we did mollycoddle him.

Bill was most twenty when the war broke out, and somehow the laugh seemed to die out of his voice and the smile leave his face.

His grandmother's face went white every time she looked at him, knowing well he was brooding.

But Bill, never a word did he say; no more did I. I wanted to see what stuff he was made of.

One by one the lads joined the colors till half the village was gone, but never a word out of Bill.

And pretty soon folks began to talk and sneer at us.

"Well, serves 'em right," they said. "They've pampered him and petted him till he's just good for nothing."

And though his grandmother and I had a deep and abiding faith in the boy, it most broke her gentle heart.

One night Bill didn't come home, and the morning mail brought a letter from him.

Bill's Farewell Note. "I can't stand this any longer. I'm going away."

Trust me and forgive me. You'll hear from me later. BILL.

His grandmother cried and cried till I guess there were no more tears to shed. And as for me, I confess I was a little disappointed in Bill. I hadn't calculated Bill would run away.

Then the gossip began to talk in earnest. "Gone to avoid the draft," said some. "Pleaded exemption on account of his grandparents, and then, ashamed to face his neighbors, has fled," said others.

Some said as how they had seen him in a camp on the border. Others were sure they had seen him working on a farm in a distant state. And all the time his grandmother and I not hearing a word from him.

"Joel," said his grandmother to me, "how'll we stand it?" And I put my arms around her and said:

"Emmy, I was just about Bill's age when the war with the South came. Just about as sunny-hearted, and a laughing and a singing as he was. When the force of the horror of the thing struck me I felt to brooding like Bill did."

"I didn't want to leave peaceful meadows to kill men. You see, my views were selfish, Emmy. I wasn't thinking about the other fellow at all."

I fell into a deep sleep. And in that sleep came a vision.

"I saw a battle-field red with blood. I heard the cries of the dying. And in the midst of this chaos, this horror, stood a man."

A tall, gaunt man. He looked at me, the sorrowful eyes full of pleading, and held out his hands entreatingly.

"Will you come?" he said. And, Emmy, it seemed as if the scales fell from my eyes. A fragment of a song they were singing then came exultantly into my soul.

"Yes," I answered him, "we're coming, we're coming, Father Abba'm, three hundred thousand strong!"

"So, you see, dear," I told her, "we don't know how Bill felt about this war question, and we've just got to live through it 'till we find out, that's all."

After the War Was Over. Well, one night 'bout three months after the war was over, there was terrible excitement in the village. A big ovation to the returned heroes.

"Fears like we'd better go, Joel, so as folks won't say we're ashamed to," said Emmy.

Never did I see town hall look so splendid. All flags and bunting, and a big band playing war songs.

The mayor stepped forward to introduce the speaker of the evening.

I can remember Emmy's face, how ghastly white it grew. For the speaker, young and khaki clad, with a medal or two on his breast, was smiling right into our very eyes. And above the crowd's gay tuning cheers, Emmy cried:

"Bill!"

With a trembling finger I touched her wondering lips.

"Hush, dear," I whispered. And then the two spoke:

"When the war broke broke, the horror of it struck me to the heart. Night and day I brooded, and questioned why men should leave peaceful homes to make war on fellow men."

"One night a vision came to me. I saw the battle-fields of France, the anguish of our men in Belgium. And in the midst of these scenes stood a man, a tall, gaunt man, with pleading eyes and outstretched hands."

"Will you come?" he seemed to say. And it seemed as if things were clear to me. I must think of the other fellow, that was the answer to my problem.

"And into my heart came a bit of song my grandfather used to sing. It would serve as an answer to the sorrowful man."

"Yes," I said, "we're coming, we're coming, Father Abba'm, three hundred thousand strong!"

And there sat Emmy and I, crying like two children, but no end heard as for the people were cheering, and the band was playing:

"We're coming, Father Abba'm, three hundred thousand strong!"

Flanders Field American cemetery, No. 1252, at Wareghem, Belgium, where 330 Americans,



Memorial Day Parade float to decorate the graves

forgive me. You'll hear BILL!"

Other cried and cried till were no more tears to for me, I confess I was pointed in Bill. I hadn't would run away.

possibilities began to talk in avoid the draft," said and exemption on account rents, and then, ashamed neighbors, has fled," said

how they had seen him the border. Others were seen him working on a tant state. And all the mother and I not hear-

his grandmother to me, and it?" And I put my her and said:

was just about Bill's age with the South came. a sunny-hearted, and a- singing as he was, ee of the horrors of ck me I told to brood-

wful! I told myself. I leave peaceful mow- you see, my views were I wasn't thinking about

one night, still brood- deep sleep. And in that vision.

attended rest with blood- ties of the dying. And in this chaos, this horror,

at man. He looked at me, eyes full of pleading, his hands entreatingly,

come!" he said. And, as if the scales fell a. A fragment of a song singing then came exultant-

answered him, "we're com- coming, Father Abram, a thousand strong!"

dear," I told her, "we show Bill told about this and we've just got to it till we find out, that's

he War Was Over, might 'bout three months was over, there was a returned in the village. A big returned heroes.

we'd better go. Joel, so I'd say we're ashamed to

I went town hall look so a flag and bunting, and a singing war songs.

stepped forward to in- speaker of the evening. I grew. For the speak- a khaki-clad, with a medal on his breast, was smiling right eyes. And above the singing cheer. Emily cried:

embling finger I touched a lip

I whispered. And I was clouds broke, the wind came to the heart. day I touched, and ques- on should leave proud- able to follow me.

a storm came to me. I of the future. And to the an- the men's steel a man, a with glowing eyes and

he seemed to say, as if things were clear at think of the other fel- the answer to my prob-

my heart came a bit of as an answer to the sor-

Three Men AND a Maid

By P. G. Wodehouse

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

Copyright by George H. Doran Co

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Mrs. Horace Hignett, world-famous writer on theology, author of "The Spreading Light," etc., arrives in New York for a lecturing tour. Eustace, her son, is with her. Windles, ancestral home of the Hignetts, is his, so her life is largely devoted to keeping him unmarried. Enter her nephew, Sam, son of Sir Malabry Marlowe, the eminent London lawyer. It is arranged that Sam and Eustace shall sail together on the Atlantic the next day. Enter Bream Mortimer, American, son of a friend of an insufferable American named Bennett, who has been pestering Mrs. Hignett to leave Windles. Bream informs her that Wilhelmus Bennett is waiting for Eustace at the little church round the Corner. Bream himself is in love with Wilhelmus. Mrs. Hignett marches out to Eustace's room.

CHAPTER II.—The scene shifts to the Atlantic at her pier. Sam, heading for the gangplank, meets a glorious, red-headed girl, with whom he instantly falls in love, though her dog bites him. Eustace appears, heart-broken. It appears that his mother had "planned" the ceremony, whereupon Wilhelmus had declared the wedding off. Sam is pulled overboard but gets credit for saving a drowning man. Rejoining the Atlantic at quarantine, Sam is hailed as a hero by the red-headed girl, who introduces him to Bream Mortimer and says she is Wilhelmus Bennett's whose friends call her "Billie."

CHAPTER III.—Eustace, a poor sailor, stay in the stateroom, nursing his grief. He doesn't know Billie is on board or that Sam has met her. Sam writes Bream from Eustace about Billie and makes warm love to her. Billie tells her a friend, Jane Hubbard, a big-game hunter.

CHAPTER IV.—Sam proposes and is accepted, though Billie says her father who wants her to marry Bream, will be difficult.

CHAPTER V.—Sam blacks up for the ship's concert and Eustace to agree to play his companion. He announces to Eustace his engagement to Billie and Eustace assures Sam that he's sorry for him.

CHAPTER VI.—Eustace, taken by panic of sea-sickness, vomits and Jane hastens to his rescue. Sam's act ends in an inglorious fiasco.

CHAPTER VII.—Billie, seeing her hero made ridiculous, breaks off the engagement. Eustace, who has cured his sea-sickness, tells her that Jane has broken her.

"You have made everything perfect," clear."

"I hope—I hope you won't be unhappy."

"Unhappy?" Sam produced a strangled noise from his larynx, like the cry of a shrimp in pain. "Unhappy? I'm not unhappy! Whatever gave you that idea? I'm smiling! I'm laughing! I feel I've had a mercurial escape."

"It's very unkind and rude of you to say that."

"It reminds me of a moving picture I saw in New York. It was called, 'Saved From the Scaffold!'"

"Oh?"

"I'm not unhappy. What have I got to be unhappy about? What on earth does any man want to get married for?"

"I don't. Give me my gay bachelor life! My uncle Charlie used to say, 'It's better luck to get married than it is to be kicked in the head by a mule!'"

But he was an optimist. Good night, Mrs. Bennett. And goodbye—forever!"

He turned on his heel and strode across the deck. From a white heaven the moon shined benignly down, looking him. He had spoken bravely; he most capacious critic could not have admitted that he had made a good exit. But already his heart was heaving. As he drew near to his stateroom, he was amazed and disgusted to hear a high tenor voice raised in song proceeding from behind the closed door.

For or new law in she-living are not, though his face be sharper and her hair.

at I fear, I fear the ship-board through thy deprecating tactics seen. I fear the ship-board

Sam flung open the door wrathfully. But Eustace Hignett should be alive had he had pursued this harping about overboard and looking about, playing sight in the wake of the boat; that he should be singing was a outrage. Reverse, Sam thought, could have stricken Eustace Hignett dead. Instead of which, here he was sporting himself like a blase dandy. It was all wrong. The man could be no consequence whatever.

"Well," he said, sternly, "so there you are!"

"where I had got to! Where did you get to, and why? You poor, miserable worm!" he went on in a burst of generous indignation, "what have you to say for yourself? What do you mean by dashing away like that and killing my little entertainment?"

"Awfully sorry, old man. I hadn't foreseen the clear. I was hearing up tolerably well till I began to snuff the smoke. Then everything seemed to go black—I don't mean you, of course. You were black already—and I got the feeling that I simply must get on deck and drown myself."

"Well, why didn't you?" demanded Sam, with a strong sense of injury. "I might have forgiven you then. But to come down here and find you singing!"

A soft light came into Eustace Hignett's eyes.

"I want to tell you all about that," he said. "It's the most astonishing story. A miracle, you might almost call it. Makes you believe in Fate and all that sort of thing. A week ago I was on the Subway in New York."

He broke off while Sam cursed him, the Subway and the city of New York, in the order named.

"My dear chap, what is the matter?" "What is the matter?" he persisted.

"Something is the matter," persisted Eustace Hignett. "I can tell it by your manner. Something has happened to disturb and upset you. I know you so well that I can pierce the mask. What is it?"

"In, ha, ha!"

"You surely can't still be brooding on that concert business? Why, that's all over. I take it that after my departure you made the most colossal use of yourself, but why let that worry you? These things cannot affect one permanently."

"Can't they? Let me tell you that as a result of that concert my engagement is broken off!"

Eustace sprang forward with outstretched hand.

"Not really? How splendid! Accept my congratulations! This is the finest thing that could possibly have happened. These are not idle words. As one who has been engaged to a girl himself, I speak feelingly. You are well out of it, Sam."

Sam thrust aside his hand. Had it been his neck he might have clutched it eagerly, but he drew the line at shaking hands with Eustace Hignett.

"My heart is broken," he said with dignity.

"That feeling will pass, giving way to one of devout thankfulness. I know! I've been there. After all, . . . Wilhelmus Bennett . . . what is she? A rag and a bone and a hank of hair!"

"She is nothing of the kind," said Sam, revolted.

"Pardon me," said Eustace firmly, "I speak as an expert. I know her and I repeat, she is a rag and a bone and a hank of hair!"

"She is the only girl in the world, and owing to your idiotic behavior I have lost her!"

"You speak of the only girl in the world," said Eustace blithely. "If you want to hear about the only girl in the world, I will tell you. A week ago I was in the Subway in New York."

"I'm going to bed," said Sam brusquely.

"All right. I'll tell you while you're undressing."

"I don't want to listen."

"A week ago," said Eustace Hignett, "I will ask you to picture me seated, after some difficulty, in a New York subway; I got into conversation with a girl with an elephant gun."

Sam reviled his private commination service in order to include the elephant gun.

"She was my soul-mate," proceeded Eustace with quiet determination. "I don't know it at the time, but she was. She had grave brown eyes, a wonderful personality, and this elephant gun. She was bringing the gun away from the downtown place where she had taken it to be mended."

"Did she shoot you with it?"

"Shoot me? What do you mean? Why, no?"

"The girl must have been a fool!" said Sam bitterly. "The chance of a lifetime and she missed it. Where are my pajamas?"

with a mixture of some kind in a glass. "I don't know what it was. It had Worcester sauce in it. She put it to my lips. She made me drink it. She said it was what her father always used in Africa for bull-calves with the stagers. Well, believe me or believe me not. . . . Are you asleep?"

"Yes."

"Believe me or believe me not, in under two minutes I was not merely freed from the nausea caused by your cigar; I was smoking, myself! I was walking the deck with her without the slightest qualm, I was even able to look over the side from time to time and comment on the beauty of the moon on the water. . . . I have said some mordant things about women since I came on board this boat. I withdraw them unreservedly. They still apply to girls like Wilhelmus Bennett, but I have ceased to include the whole sex in my remarks. Jane Hubbard has restored my faith in woman. Sam! Sam!"

"What?"

"I said that Jane Hubbard had restored my faith in woman."

"Oh, all right."

Eustace Hignett finished undressing and got into bed. With a soft smile on his face he switched off the light. There was a long silence, broken only by the distant purring of engines. At about twelve-thirty a voice came from the lower berth.

"Sam!"

"What is it now?"

"There is a sweet womanly strength about her, Sam. She was telling me she once killed a panther with a hat-pin."

Sam groaned and tossed on his mattress.

Silence fell again.

"At least I think it was a panther," said Eustace Hignett, at a quarter past one. "Either a panther or a puma."

CHAPTER VIII

A week after the liner Atlantic had docked at Southampton, Sam Marlowe might have been observed—and was observed by various of the residents—sitting on a bench on the esplanade of that repellent watering-place, Bingley-on-the-Sea, in Sussex. All watering-places on the south coast of England are blots on the landscape, but though I am aware that by saying it I shall offend the civic pride of some of the others, none are so peculiarly foul as Bingley-on-the-Sea. The asphalt on the Bingley esplanade is several degrees more depressing than the asphalt on other esplanades. The Swiss waiters at the Hotel Magnificent, where Sam was stopping, are in a class of bungling incompetence by themselves, the envy and despair of all the other Swiss waiters at all the other Hotels Magnificent along the coast. For dreariness of aspect Bingley-on-the-Sea stands alone. The very waves that break on the shingle seem to creep up the beach reluctantly, as if it revolted them to come to such a place.

Why, then, was Sam Marlowe visiting this come-sit-where-please? Why, with all the rest of England at his disposal, had he chosen to spend a week at breezy, blighted Bingley?

Simply because he had been disappointed in love. He had sought relief by slinking off alone to the most benighted spot he knew, in the same spirit as other men in similar circumstances had gone off to the Rockies to shoot grizzly bears.

To a certain extent the experiment had proved successful. If the Hotel Magnificent had not cured his agony, the service and the cooking there had at least done much to take his mind off it. His heart still ached, but he felt equal to going to London and seeing his father, which, of course, he ought to have done immediately upon his arrival in England.

He rose from his bench and, going back to the hotel to inquire about trains, observed a familiar figure in the lobby. Eustace Hignett was leaning over the counter, in conversation with the desk clerk.

"Hello, Eustace!" said Sam.

"Hello, Sam!" said Eustace. "There was a brief absence. The conversational opening had been a little unfortunately chosen, for it reminded both men of a painful episode in their recent lives."

"What are you doing here?" asked Eustace.

"What are you doing here?" asked Sam.

"I came to see you," said Eustace, leading his cousin out of the lobby and onto the beach esplanade. A fine role had begun to fall, and Bingley looked it genuine, come that ever. "I asked for you at your club, and they told me you had come down here."

"What did you want to see me about?"

"The fact is, old man, I'm in a bit of a lull."

"What's the matter?"

"It's a rather long story," said Eustace deprecatingly.

"Go ahead."

"I don't know where to begin."

"Have a dash at starting at the beginning."

Eustace stared gloomily at a strand of crab on the beach below. The crab stared gloomily back.

"Well, you remember my telling you about the girl I met on the boat?"

"Jane Hubbard?" said Eustace reverently. "Sam, I love that girl."

"I know. You told me."

England. Old Mr. Bennett and his pal Mortimer, Bream's father, were trying to get a house somewhere which they could share. Only so far they hadn't managed to find the house they wanted. When I heard that, I said, 'Ha!'"

"You said what?" asked Sam.

"I said, 'Ha!'"

"Because I had an idea. Don't in-



"Don't interrupt, Old Man, or You'll Get Me Muddled. Where Was I?"

"I don't know."

"I remember. I'd just got the idea. I happened to know, you see, that Bennett and Mortimer were both frightfully keen on getting Windles for the summer, but my mother wouldn't hear of it and gave them both the misadventure. It suddenly occurred to me that mother was going to be away in America all the summer, so why shouldn't I make a private deal, let them the house, and make it a stipulation that I was to stay there to look after things? And to cut a long story short, that's what I did."

"You let Windles?"

"Yes. Old Bennett was down on the dock at Southampton to meet Wilhelmus, and I fixed it up with him then and there. He was so bucked at the idea of getting the place that he didn't kick for a moment at the suggestion that I should stick at the house. Said he would be delighted to have me there. We hired a car and drove straight over."

"It's only twenty miles from Southampton, you know—and we've been there ever since. Bennett sent a wire to Mortimer, telling him to join us, and he came down next day."

He paused, and looked at Sam as though desiring comment. Sam had none to offer.

"Why do you say you're in a hole?" he asked. "It seems to me as though you had done yourself a bit of good. You've got the check, and you're in the same house with Miss Hubbard. What more do you want?"

"But suppose mother gets to hear about it?"

"Well?"

"She'd be sorer than a sunburned neck."

"Probably. But why should she hear of it?"

"Ah! I'm coming to that."

"Is there some more of the story?"

"Quite a lot."

"Charge on," said Sam, resignedly.

Eustace Hignett fired a despondent gaze on the shingle, up which the gray waves were crawling with their usual sluggish air of wishing themselves elsewhere. A rain drop fell down the back of his neck, but he did not notice it.

"It was the weather that really started it," he said.

"Started what?"

"The trouble. What sort of weather have you been having here?"

"I haven't noticed."

"Well, down at Windles it has been raining practically all the time, and after about a couple of days it became fairly clear to me that Bennett and Mortimer were getting a bit fed. I mean to say, having spent all their lives in America, don't you know, they weren't used to a country where it rained all the time, and pretty soon it began to get on their nerves. They argued quarrels. Nothing had at last, but settling up more and more, till at last they were hardly on speaking terms. Every little thing that happened seemed to get the wind up them. There was that bucket of South, for instance."

of it is, your father is Bennett's legal representative over in England, and he's sure to go to him."

"Well, that'll do the pater a bit of good. Legal fees?"

Eustace Hignett waved his arms despairingly at his cousin's obtuseness.

"But, don't you see? If Bennett goes to your father about this bungle, your father will get onto the fact that Windles has been let, and he'll nose about, and make inquiries, and the first thing that'll happen will be that mother will get to hear of it, and then where shall I be?"

Sam pondered.

"Yes, there's that," he admitted.

"Well, now you see what a hole I'm in."

"Yes, you are. What are you going to do about it?"

"You're the only person who can help me."

"What can I do?"

"Why, your father wants you to join the firm, doesn't he? Well, for goodness' sake, buck up and join it. Don't waste a minute. Dash up to London by the next train, and sign on. Then, if Bennett does blow in for advice, you can fix it somehow that he sees you instead of your father, and it'll be all right. You can easily work it. Get the office boy or somebody to tell Bennett that your father's engaged, but that you are on the spot. He won't mind so long as he sees somebody in the firm."

"But I don't know anything about the law. What shall I say to him?"

"That's all right. I've been studying it up a bit. As far as I can gather, this legal advice business is quite simple. Anything that isn't a tort is a misadventure. You're simply got to tell old Bennett that, in your opinion, the whole thing looks jolly like a tort."

"What's the word again?"

"Tort."

"What does it mean?"

"I don't know. Probably nobody knows. But it's a safe card to play. Tort. Don't forget it."

"Tort. Right ho!"

"Well, then, come along and pack your things. There's a train to London in about an hour."

They walked back to the hotel. Sam gulped once or twice.

"Oh, by the way," he said, "Er—how is—er—Miss Bennett?"

"Oh, she's all right." Eustace Hignett hummed a gay air. Sam's ready acquiescence in his scheme had relieved his apprehensive mind.

"Going strong?" said Sam, after a pause.

"Oh, absolutely. We're quite good friends again now. No use being in the same house and not being on speaking terms. It's rummy how the passage of time sort of changes a fellow's point of view. Why, when she told me about her engagement, I congratulated her as cheerfully as dumb! And only a few weeks ago . . ."

"Her engagement?" exclaimed Sam, leaping like a stricken blam-mange.

"Her engagement?"

"To Bream Mortimer, you know," said Eustace Hignett. "She got engaged to him the day before yesterday."

CHAPTER IX

The offices of the old-established firm of Marlowe, Thorpe, Prescott, Winslow and Appleby are in Ridgeway's Inn, not far from Fleet street. If you are a millionaire beset by blackmailers or anyone else to whom comfort the best legal advice is essential, and have decided to put your affairs in the hands of the ablest and discreetest firm in London, you proceed through a dark and grimy entry and up a dark and grimy flight of stairs; and, having felt your way along a dark and grimy passage, you come at length to a dark and grimy door. There is plenty of dirt in other parts of Ridgeway's Inn, but nowhere is it so plentiful, so rich in alluvial deposits, as on the exterior of the offices of Marlowe, Thorpe, Prescott, Winslow and Appleby. As you tap on the topmost of the geological strata concealing the ground-glass of the door, a sense of relief and security floods your being. For in London grubbiestness is the gauge of a lawyer's respectability.

The brass plate, let into the wood-work of this door, is misleading. Reading it, you get the impression that on the other side quite a covey of lawyers await your arrival. The name of the firm leads you to suppose that there will be hardly standing room in the office. You picture Thorpe leaning you as to matters for Prescott to discuss with him the latest case of duress, and Winslow and Appleby, leaning on your toes, deep in conversation on legions. But these legal drams delude. The years go by and take their toll, snatching away here a Prescott, there an Appleby, till before you know where you are, you are down to your last lawyer. The only surviving member of the firm of Marlowe, Thorpe—that I said before—was, at the time with which this story deals, Sir Malabry Marlowe, son of the original founder of the firm and father of the celebrated black-faced comedian, Hummel of that ilk; and the outer office, where callers were received and parked till Sir Malabry could find time for them, was occupied by a single clerk.

To be continued

Important Lightship

The most important lightship in the world is the Nantuxet lightship. A new vessel has just replaced the old ship. This one has a radio fog signal, and two other fog signals, a powerful steam siren, a submarine bell and full pilot equipment. The light will have 3,000 candlepower. Water tanks and fuel oil tanks are large enough to supply the vessel for a year.

THINGS UNUSUAL

By T. T. MAXEY
(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

CHICAGO'S UNDERGROUND RAILROAD

The main retail and skyscraper district of Chicago is jammed into what has been aptly termed the dreaded "malle square" and known as "The Loop." The traffic congestion, which naturally resulted and steadily grows worse as business increases, produces myriads of veritable delays which result in costs beyond computation, numerous mishaps and the unnecessary use of countless swear words.

In so large a city, the incessant traffic necessary to move supplies from rail depots to stores and factories, shipments from salesrooms and factories to freight terminals, mail, coal to boiler rooms, ashes and excavated material for new buildings to dumps, etc., reaches a startling magnitude and becomes an increasingly serious problem—the corner of State and Madison streets, for instance, is said to be the busiest corner in the world.

To relieve the congestion and cut down the delay, a far-sighted corporation constructed an intricate system of underground tunnels through which traffic is economically, quickly and conveniently trunked through this underground artery of commerce—during a recent year about 611,000 tons of freight, 55,000 tons of coal and 215,000 wagonloads of excavated material and clinders.

Six feet wide and 7½ feet high, and surrounded by a 12-inch wall of solid concrete, these tunnels are from 42 to 45 feet below the street surface. The method of construction left no chances for cave-ins or settling and has not interfered with the foundations of buildings. There is little water seepage, the average temperature is 55 degrees, winter and summer, and the frequent passage of trains provides a natural and adequate ventilation.

There are 62 miles of these horse-shoe-shaped tunnels, in which there are 140 crossings, 652 intersections, and 1,254 switches. The equipment includes 132 electric motors and 3,000 cars, each 4 feet wide, 12 feet long, and holding from 1 to 6 tons, depending on the nature of the load. The track gauge is 2 feet. The tunnel and its equipment represents an investment of about \$10,000,000. The operation requires about 670 people.

Train movements are controlled by telephone—a system of signals operating to avoid collisions at street intersections. In case of fire a deluge of water is prevented by heavy light-tight iron doors over all shafts leading to the tunnel.

There are connections with universal freight-receiving stations, railroad depots, freight terminals, business houses, office buildings, etc.

Bible Thoughts for the Week

Sunday.
THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH—Even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him; but ye that know him, he dwelleth in you, and shall be in you.—John 14:17.

Monday.
THINGS NO OBJECT—But, beloved, be not ignorant of this one thing, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day.—II Pet. 3:8.

Tuesday.
PRAYER IN THE MORNING—My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.—Ps. 5:3.

Wednesday.
CONFIDENCE—I shall yet state him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.—Ps. 43:5.

Thursday.
BETTER THAN RUBIES—Search the Scriptures; for in them ye shall have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me.—John 5:39.

